

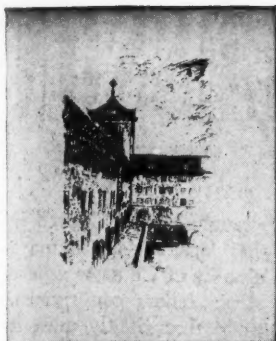
Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR
OCTOBER • 1941



115,000 Orientals were received into the Church last year. Over 700,000 more are now under instruction, the largest number in history. So the "harvest" of souls is great indeed—and would be far greater if there were more missionaries!





Maryknoll

HORIZONS

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions. Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of missionaries are maintained in various sections of the country. The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the hierarchy of the United States as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by Pope Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. Our legal title is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated."

IN THIS ISSUE

No Place for Women, Rev. Francis T. Donnelly, 5; Whom Do We Want in the Catholic Church?, V. Rev. John J. Considine, 6; The Great Chicken Theft, Rev. Joseph G. Cosgrove, 8; After Nine Days, Rev. Patrick J. Duffy, 12; The Fight Against Rev. Louis H. Hater, 22; Enough Typhus, V. Rev. Thomas V. Kiernan, 16; Letter from Heaven, 19; Peter Fishes Again, to Do at Home, Rev. Pierre Charles, S.J., 23; No Better Time, Regina Bretton, 24; Little Flower of the Orient, Rev. Edwin J. McCabe, 32.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1 a year; \$3 for four years; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Address: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.

VOLUME XXXV, NO. 10
OCTOBER, 1941

THE MAN IN THE STREET has an opportunity today to hear the truth about the Catholic Church, because such men as



Harry J. Kirk, President of the Catholic Evidence Guild, and others give themselves tirelessly to this task. Xavier practiced street-corner preaching, and Maryknoll missionaries in South

China today are doing likewise. Guild member speakers in the United States "spend as much time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament as they do on the platform." No wonder their work is blessed. Has your city a Guild?

BABSON'S REPORTS on matters financial are not concerned solely with the material things of this world. Mr. Roger Babson's letter recently said: "God is permitting this war to teach Great Britain, America, and the other 'Christian' democracies some lessons. . . . When these lessons are learned, World War II will cease. . . . Only a spiritual awakening can bring about real peace. . . . Destruction of property amounts to little if it gives birth to higher ideals. Nations may yet profit if they lose the whole world but gain their own souls."

FORWARD PASS It was a coincidence that University of Detroit's one-hundredth victory in the sixteen-year period during which Charles E. Dorais has been

head football coach of the school, was scored over Texas Christian University, famous for its brilliant passes.

Dorais was football's first outstanding passer. He established the overhead pass as an integral part of football offense while quarterbacking Notre Dame.

Maryknoll admirers of Gus Dorais were pleased recently to hear of the famous coach's latest "pass": "I admire intensely the boys of Maryknoll. Theirs is a great and noble work, calling for courage and devotion of the highest order. The immediate rewards are slim, but, if anyone is in line for the Great Reward, surely these young men of sacrifice are. All honor to the boys of Maryknoll!"



FROM A SMALL SEED great "Rosebushes" are growing throughout Canada and the United States. A frail little lady, Miss Irene Farley, cured some years ago through the intercession of The Little Flower, is fulfilling a promise for that cure. She promised to do what she could and to interest others, too, in supporting the native clergy of all lands. Friends came so readily to her aid that "Rosebushes" were formed in many cities beyond her native Manchester, New Hampshire. Today, 161 of these groups have contributed \$175,000 for native burses and native-seminarian support. There is no partiality: all funds are sent to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, in Rome, for disbursement. Miss Farley, by fostering numberless priestly sons, has more than returned her own "shower of roses."





A LESSON

THE eternal lesson of charity taught by the Church in whatsoever remote corner of the world she has found a rostrum, is today urging the Catholics of China to relieve the unspeakable suffering of their fellow countrymen. So pitifully small is such a group that rightly must it appeal to Christians in lands still unvisited by the scourge of war, to augment its noble efforts.

Catholics in this country partly answered the plea from the Orient some two years ago, when the Bishops' Committee for War Sufferers was inaugurated. Through its China section, funds have been gathered and distributed among the Catholic agencies in China which have been most prominent in supplying relief to refugees; and now a movement is on foot which will give the Catholic Church in the United States an opportunity to be recognized as a contributing factor in United China Relief.

On the battle front itself, the Church through her missionaries has given unstintedly of her spiritual, physical, and material resources. Quietly and efficiently, with the experience of centuries, priests, Sisters, and Brothers daily perform the corporal works of mercy, wherever the poor, the sick, the blind, the lepers, the aged, and orphans need succor.

To instance only a few of these heroic deeds: In the Chungking section is located a French Catholic hospital staffed by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. There every bed is filled with victims of air raids, and the Sisters labor day and night to alleviate the pain from exposure, starvation, and shock. With scant medical and food supplies, this brave little band of religious make light of difficulties and ignore personal hardships. In the Province of Szechwan, where Chungking is located, there are twelve hospitals, with 850 beds, conducted by Catholic sisterhoods.

Then there is the glorious work among refugees, of the one-armed priest of Shanghai, Father Jacquinot, which has won universal recognition; and the stretcher-bearing and relief groups conducted under the leadership of the late Father Vincent Lebbe. These apostles were not content with the comparative safety of military camps, once they had heard the cry from the firing front.

Maryknoll's Father Joseph Sweeney, writing from the leper colony at Ngai Moon, says, "Unable to assist their countrymen in any other way, our three hundred lepers went without food for a day and turned over the funds to the Canton Relief Committee."

Father Robert J. Cairns, M.M., who volunteered for refugee work in South China, served as Director of the Canton International Red Cross for more than three years. From their center at Shameen, Red Cross workers bought rice, beans, and other supplies, and distributed

N FOR THE WORLD

With rice for only five hundred, how would you feed ten thousand a day? Only Christ-like charity could solve so great a problem.

them to the various relief centers in and around Canton. Yet all that they could afford to give the poor people was a bowl of gruel which weighed less than four ounces of solid food—barely sufficient to keep a person from starvation.

The Fong Pin Hospital, in charge of Catholic Sisters, is an entirely charitable institution. The chaplain, Father Kennedy, S.J., reported that within twenty-four hours the hospital staff had picked up on the streets and buried one hundred Chinese who had died of starvation.

Working on a larger scale was the Chinese Catholic Relief Association established at Hankow by Bishop Yupin. This collected money and furnished medical supplies to the hospitals caring for wounded soldiers, and supplied food for refugee camps in the war zones within the various mission territories. To this fund Catholics and non-Catholics contributed generously, confident that the organization would use the money exclusively for relief work.

Notable relief was afforded by the late Bishop Espelage, an American Franciscan missionary, when Hankow was threatened by invaders. He converted the school building into a refugee hostel and opened his church and residence to house the refugees.

In Honan Province, the Benedictine Fathers and Sisters worked day and night over the wounded soldiers during the evacuation of Hsuechow. At the fall of Kaifeng, thousands of refugees poured in on these self-sacrificing missionaries, seeking their help and protection. They were ably assisted, in this instance, by the Sisters of Providence.

Since many Catholic missions border on the war zones, much of the apostolic relief is administered through medical stations and refugee camps established in these neighborhoods. Legion are the human-interest stories that might be told by those in charge were they able to spare the time from their merciful tasks to recount them. Now and then, however, a tale trickles through the lines, such as the one about the young bootblack in Canton who led his blind mother by the hand all the way on the long walk from Canton to Kongmoon, a journey of ten days ordinarily, but lengthened in this case to twenty. At the mission, they found not only physical relief, but balm for their weary souls, as well. Both were administered by the same physician—Bishop Paschang.

A contribution from Father John Tierney, pastor at our Sunwui mission, re-enacts a mob scene during a recent food shortage. With funds augmented by a grant from the American Red Cross, Father Tierney proceeded to purchase a supply of rice sufficient to feed five hundred daily. Bamboo wireless spread the news speedily, and the doors of the mission were broken down by the starving

mobbers clamoring to be fed.

"Word got around," wrote Father Tierney, "that the Church was about to give out more rice tickets. Instead of having five hundred in the rice line, as we had planned, there were seven thousand plus. It was impossible to help such a number. Practically six hundred got rice; the rest refused to go home, feeling that eventually their turn would come. Night found many exhausted from hunger."

While helpers at the mission gave every possible aid to the sufferers, Father Tierney gave short instructions and administered Baptism to those who had the proper dispositions and were at the point of death.

"Ten thousand people in our district are in danger of death by starvation. The mission's medical dispensary is constantly filled with ever-increasing numbers suffering from malnutrition."

From the outset of hostilities, Chinese Catholics have striven to their limit with relief problems. As pupils in the same school of charity, Catholic Americans, it is hoped, will continue to come to their aid.





No matter how hard
they were working,
the women all had one
question: "When?"

NO PLACE FOR *Women*

By REV. FRANCIS T. DONNELLY

Men and women, according to Chinese custom, may not use the same room for study—even when both are studying Christian Doctrine. This usually presents a problem to every missionary, though few of them have had as much to contend with as has Father Donnelly. The light-hearted way in which he manages his haunted gambling-hall menage makes us feel that he—and the prayers of his friends—will soon solve the problem of finding a place for women.

In theory the pastor is supposed to know practically all the answers, but in actual life the pastor is just human and sometimes must needs make use of an evasion to take the place of a real answer.

Last summer when the Tsiahang mission was started, the first thing we did was to rent a house. We found one which seemed suited to our purpose. It was built with a central court divided into upper and lower sections by a sky well, so this court could be adapted for a chapel. Rooms on either side would provide living quarters for the priest and catechist; and there were large wings on either side, one of which could be used for the *Probatorium* Latin students and men catechumens. The communicating doors of the other wing could easily be blocked off, and it would serve to accommodate women for the feasts and for catechumenates. However, the owners, when drawing up the lease, specified that this latter wing be reserved for their own use in case they decided to live there.

Far and wide the house had long had a reputation of being haunted. Most likely that is the reason we got it so easily. It had been built over twenty years, but until we moved in no one dared live in it. So we had hopes that the owners would leave us alone, and eventually let us rent the other wing.

The Chinese New Year came, and our contempt for ghosts seemed to backfire. The family evidently decided that this Catholic Church is "good joss." Two sons of the owner moved in, bringing their wives (one each), and children (one to the couple), buffaloes (with violent dislike for the pastor), and pigs. Then, to encourage social life during the two weeks of the New Year celebration, they proceeded to operate a private gambling "joint" day

and night. Never a dull moment! Our hopes dimmed.

Every mission visitation and each feast brought the same queries from the Christian women: "When may I send my daughter to the mission to study catechism?" "When may we come to learn the doctrine?"

A small catechumenate was started, but it necessarily had to be "For Men Only." Some weeks later the catechumens were baptized, and we sent them home, thinking that at last we had really made a start. In fact, there may have been a bit of a smile of satisfaction on my face, but it was banished by, "When may my daughter . . ." "I have two sisters who . . ." "After the spring planting my wife will be free to come."

Try as I may, I find nothing better in the dictionary than, "No place for women," to answer all these inquiries. I usually add a hopeful "yet." Incidentally, no one has inquired the name of the woman catechist. Since there is no place to install her, I am not too much concerned that she is not yet found. Sufficient for the day—

All this does not mean that we have given up hope. The house stands alone—the nearest neighbor being nearly half a mile away—and there is nothing vacant obtainable within a reasonable distance. We already have two communities of good Sisters praying especially for this intention. Then, too, there is always the possibility that, since the two men of the house are devotees of the goddess of chance, they may lose enough to be glad to get the money we shall give them in rent. Already two attempts have been made to get a little loan.

Meanwhile, strictly on the quiet, we are looking for an unemployed *SPOOK* who would consider working under contract for a few weeks, costume supplied. (We still have a couple of sheets left from our more prosperous days.) However, until the prayers are answered or the opposition goes bankrupt, our answer is still, "No place for women—yet!"

MISSION SUNDAY

October 19

Membership in the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith should be the goal of every Catholic in the United States this year. With Europe unable to contribute funds the missionaries must look to America this year more than ever before for maintenance. Don't fail them!

Whom Do We Want in



By

VERY REV. JOHN J. CONSIDINE



The Chinese coolie, the Annamite lady, the little Indian boy, and the old Korean gentleman—they, with countless others of every race, are entitled to a place in the Catholic Church. Do we want them in the Church? Are we doing anything to help them find their place in God's house?



Of course we have no right to ask the question, because it is God's Church, not ours, and He decides. But to get their ideas straight, some thousands of young men and young women put the problem to themselves recently at the Crusade Convention in Rochester.

MISS LOIS SCHERER is an eighteen-year-old Negro young lady, graduate of St. Frances Academy in Baltimore. Eight years ago Father Gillard of the Josephites baptized her mother, her sister, and herself. Recently, before a great hall of delegates at the National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, she explained how it feels to be a Negro and to be a Negro member of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Evidently it does not feel very comfortable. In part, this is what Miss Scherer said:

"I have been a Catholic for eight years, yet in all that time I have never had the courage to venture into a white Catholic church. Why? Because I am afraid that I should not be welcome. One of my schoolmates once told me that, although at school she was a daily communicant, while home on her vacation she did not go to Holy Communion for three months because she was afraid she would be refused Communion if she went to the altar rail. Or take the matter of Catholic schools. I have Catholic friends who must go to public schools simply because the Catholic schools will not take colored pupils, although they welcome Protestants and Jews. I am fortunate in having had a Catholic high-school education and

in being enrolled already in a Catholic college for the fall opening. But how many colored Catholics there are who are denied these blessings just because they are colored!"

It goes without saying that Miss Scherer and her friends are welcome in every Catholic church. Men of experience, however, know that there are many neighborhoods in the United States where the unthinking prejudice against the Negro makes difficult his participation in Catholic Church life. We quote the conclusion of her address:

"Let's be honest with the Negro. Do you want us in the Catholic Church, or don't you? Is your love of the Blessed Sacrament strong enough not to faint if you have to hear Mass sitting in a pew with a Negro Catholic? Is your faith in the Mystical Body of Christ honest enough not to be insulted if part of that Mystical Body is brown or black, and not wholly white? Is your love for souls sincere enough for you to sit in a classroom with a Negro as well as with a Protestant or a Jew? Let's be honest with the Negro; or, rather, let's be honest with Christ.

"If I seem to be too forward in pressing the cause of the Negro, I beg your indulgence. I was asked by Father

the Catholic Church?

Gillard to tell you something of how young colored America feels, particularly about the Catholic Church and Catholics. What I have told you in many words is simply what an old man once said in a few words: The late Dr. Kelly Miller, a learned Negro Baptist, once wrote something to the effect that the Catholic Church is the greatest Church in the world and the only moral force that can solve the problems of the Negro, but in Rome it does as the Romans do, and in America it does as the Protestants do. I would make a distinction between the Catholic Church and Catholics. I would say that the Catholic Church is the greatest Church in the world because it is the only true Church in the world. But white Catholics—they have scared me to death!"

It is quite mortifying, after patting ourselves on the back for being so catholic-minded, to have a schoolgirl tell us that our social selfishness in the house of God has her "scared to death." The effect on the Crusaders gathered at Rochester was profound. Lois Scherer's words provided the most forceful single address among the many delivered at the convention.

Every other race over the earth was touched upon in some way at the convention, for the program was designed to have a universal outlook. A Catholic Chinese student now at Notre Dame University spoke; a Catholic Chinese young lady, now a social worker in New York, also had a part. India, Africa, and the South Seas had their place. An intensive campaign to Christianize America was advocated. Crusaders were called upon to give

catechetical instruction and to prepare themselves for street preaching and other effective means of making known Catholic teachings. The slogan was proposed, "A Convert a Year for Every Crusader."

There was a note of timeliness in every convention session in consonance with the theme "Catholic Youth and the World Crisis." Archbishop McNicholas, of Cincinnati, President of this national student movement, declared unqualifiedly that in their Catholic world action lay the greatest source of hope for the dark years ahead. Men are without a personal God and fixed and true moral principles, both in Asia and Africa and in our own lands of the West. Because men lack justice and charity—because they lack the sanction of a spiritual order—war and oppression thunder across the world. The Church, particularly the young within the Church must determine to bring a spiritual order to the world. This is the meaning of missions.

For a generation the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has been assuming increasing importance in our Catholic school life. At this year's Convention in Rochester we had one more demonstration of how efficaciously it serves to implant in young people its program—study of world Church problems; personal sanctification, and Catholic world action.



Rochester banquets the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Miss Scherer is in the background.

The Great Chicken Theft

By REV. JOSEPH G. COSGROVE

LAO CHEN and his wife had been refugees since 1937. They came into our yard one afternoon in a tattered, run-down condition. They asked for no money—only enough rice for a meal.

The Sisters at the convent gave them clothes. When we discovered that Lao Chen was a native of Kweilin and spoke the local dialect, we decided to have him come

each day for practice in conversation.

Mr. Pan, one of our regular teachers, bought Lao Chen fifteen small chicks. Lao Chen was supremely happy. The silver lining was at last beginning to show, because the Chinese love to raise chickens, pigs, ducks, children—anything.

Things went smoothly for a time. Then, "I have been forced to move," Chen explained one day. "You know my wife and I go to the mountain every day to gather firewood. I had eight of these bundles in my room. Today I found on my return only six. My landlord took the two."

He waited to see the effect of his words. "The rent at the new place is fifty cents more. Do you mind?" Lao Chen's smile was devastating and full of larceny.

As we were deep in conversation one evening, Lao Chen's wife came running up the hill. Tears came forth with great profusion as she blubbered out a tale of woe. Suddenly man and wife were off, no explanations being given. We followed at a slower pace and descended upon the village.

A crowd of about three hundred people was gathered outside Lao Chen's premises where "Forty-second Street" crosses "Fifth Avenue." Lao Chen held the spotlight, arguing his point with a wealth of gesticulation. The people listened with respect. Lao Chen was a man who talked every day with the foreign *Shen Fu*; hence he was to be listened to.

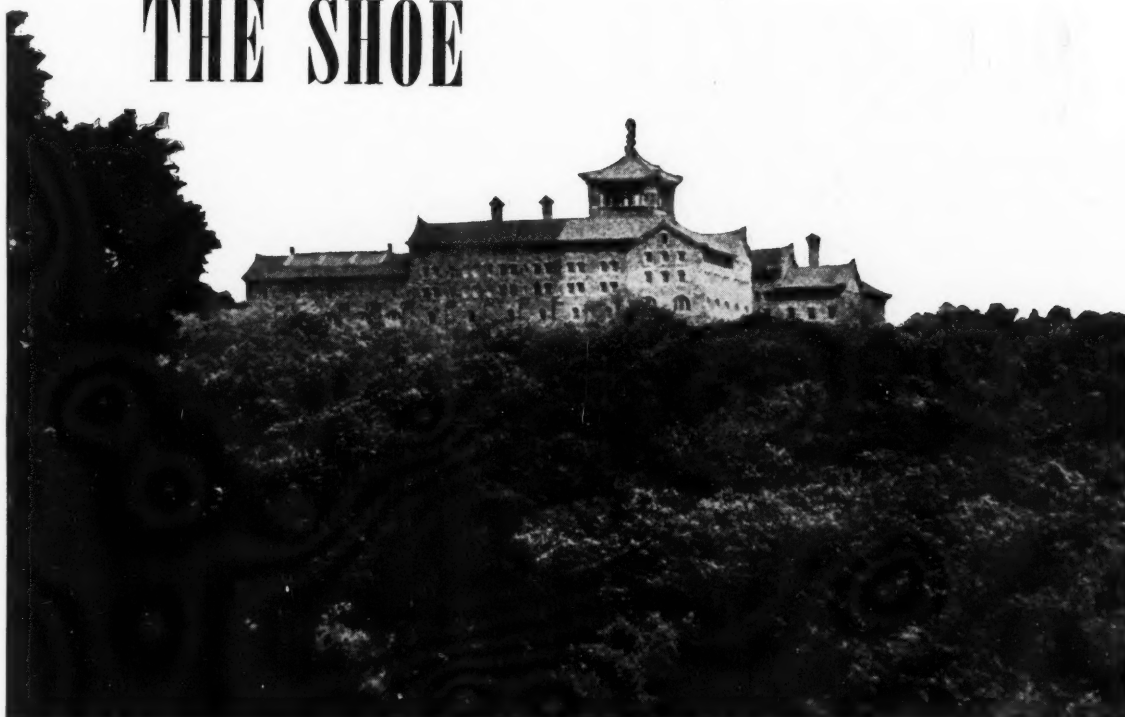
When Lao Chen finished his piece, the opposition took the stand. The point under discussion was that two of Lao Chen's small chicks had disappeared. The opposition argued soundly that, inasmuch as the two chicks in question were like his others, they were definitely not of the Lao Chen flock.

At this (Continued on page 21).



Evening peace had descended on the village, but suddenly a cry rent the air.

THE SHOE



The new stones and roof tiles of "the shoe that pinched" shine out above the treetops in the autumn sunlight. Sixty-two new rooms were added to relieve the "pinching" and just in time! With a fine increase in our student body, every room is now occupied. What a pity we didn't build rubber walls to take care of the overflow that must come! Stones don't give.

MANY gifts have come in from all parts of the country for the 62 new rooms that necessity has forced us to tack on to one end of our Seminary building. At present we have at the Knoll the largest number of seminarians in our entire history, with the result that every one of the new rooms is already occupied. We wish we could say that every one of them has been paid for. Thanks to God and to the wonderful generosity of our friends, most of them have been covered. But we are hoping and praying that before the year is out the balance will be "out of the red."

The notes and letters accompanying gifts for rooms have been most encouraging. One recent one was particularly impressive: "Sorry I can't give more than this \$37 towards the \$500 for a room. But it's about the best I can do at present. It's the price of a new suit and hat

that I'm passing up to do my part. And I'm delighted to do it! I feel it's a privilege to have this little share in the training of the men of Maryknoll."

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

It is my wish to give \$..... towards the \$500
needed for a room in the Maryknoll Seminary.

Name

Address

OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS



A REMARKABLE document has reached the Holy See from China. It is a report from Archbishop Zanin, the Papal Delegate to China, on the present condition of the Church in that country. It is a mature document, written with the reserve of one who is merely stating plain truths to his highest superiors. It is a private document in which data of an adverse nature would be included as a matter of course, if there were any to be given. The Holy See decided to publish it only after the Roman authorities had studied it and found it so inspiring.

"The mission forces in China," states Archbishop Zanin as the theme of all he has to say, "during these long and bitter years of war have proved themselves in their ensemble equal to the difficulties and to the needs of the moment. . . . They hold their positions with clenched teeth, laboring in every manner and with every means that Providence offers, not only to maintain what the Church has already won but to move forward to new achievements."

Converts during the past year have totaled 103,900. "These hundred thousand and more converts of this year," comments His Excellency, "even though they do not represent a substantial net gain, because of the large number of losses by death and by dispersion, constitute a very consoling item. They signalize the rhythm in a forward march being painfully accomplished over rough terrain but nevertheless proceeding with constancy."

"While the war has closed many doors to mission activities," states the Delegate, "it has opened wide that of charity. Our converts may be called the fruit of missionary charity." His Excellency calls attention to the widespread Catholic efforts to aid the refugees.

While parishes and flocks have been destroyed in certain areas, the Church's organization has been maintained intact. Striking evidence of this lies in the fact that, after four years of war, the chain of seminaries over the

country contains an enrollment of over 7,000 seminarians.

Twenty-one missionaries, foreign and Chinese, met violent deaths in a period of twelve months. This and many other sufferings notwithstanding, the spirit remains high. The Archbishop's words on the quality of this spirit breathe the superb exaltation of a passage from Saint Paul.

"Innumerable proofs," His Excellency says, "indicate the intrinsic vitality, the courage, the resistance, the constancy in the sufferings and miseries of war, the spirit of solidarity and generosity toward every work of religion and charity, the moving demonstrations of faith and Christian piety, of our marvelous Catholic people of China. One may reasonably hope that the Lord, beneath the infinite sorrows of this war, prepares the way for the conversion of this immense and most noble people."

TORCH LIGHTS TORCH Throughout the mountains and the valleys of the Basque country in northern Spain, some sixty to seventy years ago the air rang with popular and spirited songs about a local Basque boy who became a missionary and after many heroic experiences died a martyr. He was Blessed Berrio-ochoa, who labored with the Dominicans in Indo-China. Our reference here is not to his career and his passing, but to the influence of his life on others.

For another great Basque missionary has just passed away—Bishop Francis Aguirre, Vicar Apostolic in the Chinese coastal province of Fukien. Bishop Aguirre labored ardently in China for fifty-four years, first landing at Foochow in 1887. It was always his proud boast that Blessed Berrio-ochoa had given him his vocation. The songs of the countryside in his boyhood days, he said, had prompted him to resolve that he, too, would become a missionary and serve his Master in the Far East.

In the life of Blessed Theophane Venard we find that, when he was a shepherd boy on the hills of his native France, the reading of a biography of a missionary martyr led him to whisper to himself, "I, too, will go to Tonkin, and I, too, will be a martyr." In numerous other missionary lives we find this instance of the birth of the missionary vocation through the inspection of an heroic predecessor. Torch lights torch.

The idea implies for us a solemn responsibility to make known widely the story of our American missionary heroes, as yet relatively few but almost certainly due in God's plan to grow in number with the passing years. The biography of Father Gerard Donovan has already begun to serve the high purpose of prompting American young men and young women to ask of the Lord the privilege of following in Father Donovan's missionary footsteps.

ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION IN CHINA The Rockefeller Foundation has assets of some \$150,000,000 and during 1940 made benefactions of over \$10,000,000. This money was dispensed throughout the world. A relatively small sum—\$200,000

Our note pages on men and things missionary

—went to a group of institutions of higher education in China and represented one of the particularly interesting items on the list, because of the present state of these institutions.

The report of the Foundation speaks of them as follows:

"Since 1937 all but one of these institutions have been completely uprooted and, in a hegira perhaps unprecedented for such institutions in all time, moved facilities, students, and, where possible, equipment, over hundreds, and in some instances even thousands, of miles from their original locations. They made their way inland by transportation of the most diverse and inadequate sort. They came to a region very different from the one in which they had developed. But with courageous optimism and resourcefulness they met all obstacles, re-established themselves, and maintained continuity in their work."

After making due allowances for serious deficiencies in the quality of teaching in institutions which thus have trekked hundreds of miles from their base, the fact that they have maintained some semblance of organization leaves their achievement still a most remarkable one. The spirit and stamina which large bodies of Chinese have displayed during these war years have won wide admiration in America, where, thanks to the United China Relief and other movements, there is a better-informed public as regards China than has heretofore ever existed.

Some of the educational institutions aided by the Rockefeller Foundation are non-religious, but most are Protestant mission establishments. The Foundation has given help to Catholic institutions in various parts of the world and would not be averse to doing so in China, but requests

to the Foundation must be on the grounds of aid to science or philanthropy and not religion.

ORCHIDS TO CONVENT STATION The American Passionists conducted themselves admirably when their mission at Yuanling was bombed, but we take this for granted. They are men, they are missionaries, they are Passionists. But particularly stirring is the story of those American Sisters from New Jersey, the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station.

"The Sisters were magnificent," writes a priest observer. "They came back from across the river when the convent was smoking ruins. God love 'em, they're saints! They just thanked God that all were safe—especially the girls—and that this had not happened a couple of weeks earlier when the Sisters were sick. All they thought of was where the children would sleep that night. Not a word of self-pity for themselves and all they had lost. They were magnificent!"

Two things in this account make us feel very proud. The first is that the Sisters revealed the true instinct of all who possess genuine devotion by keeping their minds on their charges. Secondly, there was "not a word of self-pity." That's splendid! When people suffer and undergo loss, we may say that they have a certain right to give vent to sorrow, to ask for sympathy. But the glorious tradition of the Catholic Sisterhood throughout the Church, and particularly in the mission field, is opposed to employing this privilege of poor, weak, human nature. We expect Sisters to be strong, to be detached, to be courageous. We are supremely happy when they live up to our expectations.

Ursulines at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, with a few Indians dressed for a dance demonstration.



After Nine Days

By REV. PATRICK J. DUFFY

SATUNG is a large coal-mining town in the suburbs of Heijo, about twenty minutes' ride from Sin Ri by train.

There are not many Christians there, but we have a resident Christian woman who covers that section for us, instructing those who are preparing, baptizing those in danger of death, and on Sundays accompanying to church at Sin Ri those who show some interest and possible hope of conversion.

Some three weeks she came accompanied by a woman who seemed a more suitable case for the hospital than for a catechumenate. The poor woman's condition appeared to be hopeless: her eyes were half closed, her body rigid, her hands restless. She could scarcely stand erect for a few minutes without support. The Christian lady who was acting as guide said that the sick one was possessed by a devil, and she wanted to know what we were going to do about it.

On that Sunday my assistant was out in the country at one of our larger mission stations, and Father Bordenet had come from Saiho to help me out. The case seemed like one of the many which we meet. The poor woman

A new peace seemed to flood through the woman.



was probably neurotic, and I was afraid that she would lose her mind. So, to satisfy her wish and all parties concerned, Father Bordenet kindly took her to church, sprinkled some holy water on her, and gave her a blessing.

I had quite forgotten about the case, when she arrived the following Sunday showing signs of much improvement. This time she was accompanied by her husband and their three children. In the meantime she had daily studied the prayers, and her husband wished to thank us for her recovery. He purchased a number of catechisms and prayer books, and they all returned home very happy.

It has long been our custom here before the feast of Pentecost to have a novena to the Holy Spirit. We need His grace to wash what is sordid, to water what is parched, to bend what is rigid, to heal what is weak, and to vivify what is cold and indifferent. Our novena ended at High Mass that Sunday, and soon after Mass I again met our sick lady. She was bright and cheerful, seemingly the happiest of the whole group. On this occasion she was accompanied not only by her husband but, it seemed, by all of their relatives—brothers' wives and sisters' husbands, cousins, even old Grandpa and Grandma, and children by the dozens. All wished to be enrolled as catechumens.

This seemed to be the most tangible result of our novena to the Holy Spirit. Such cases are rare over here, and we hope that the Spirit of God who directed them to us will continue to lead them on o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent.

It may be considered certain that no member of that large household would have sought for God if that woman had not become sick, but all would rather have continued on their haphazard way to the end. It seems God used His own means, and to us they were incomprehensible. What sometimes seems to be a calamity is in reality His love disguised.

The husband of the woman has already made much progress in the doctrine. Although the family is still pagan, they keep the laws of the Church fast and abstinence, devoutly say daily morning and evening prayers, and recite the rosary. In such cases, since we cannot comprehend, we can but exclaim with Saint Paul: "Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments and how unsearchable his ways. For who has known the mind of the Lord, or who has been his counselor? . . . For from him and through him and unto him are all things."

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for October:

For the conversion of the Jews.

The Church in Japan

JUST at that moment, a few months ago, when world powers and the Japanese Government were heading towards disagreement, it was refreshing to find the news heralded in our Catholic and secular press that the Church in Japan had been granted legal independence and freedom of action.

The word first came to Maryknoll by cable from Reverend Patrick J. Byrne, Maryknoller in Kyoto. It will be recalled that Father Byrne had resigned his post as Prefect Apostolic of Kyoto in favor of a native priest, Monsignor Furuya.

Although the official decree of recognition was given in April, confirmation of the fact did not reach this country until some time later. Now we learn that the decree was issued in accordance with the Law for Religious Bodies enacted some years ago by the national Diet. The Government, annoyed by the appearance throughout the country of new sects, principally of Buddhist origin, some of which have had subversive political tendencies, planned to issue a patent of approval to each religious body once it has determined the duly authorized parties responsible for its public activities. The requirements presented no great problem for the Catholic Church.

"There are two implications," writes Father Byrne, "to be drawn from this recognition by the Government. They are: (1) we ourselves and all officers of the Church acquire not only guaranteed liberty for religious activities, but even recognized legal standing as well; (2) the great body of the Japanese Catholics are relieved definitely and completely of the long-standing suspicion that their patriotism was open to question—in view of their spiritual allegiance elsewhere." Now they can one and all hold up their heads, stick out their chests, and strut down the street as boldly as any other man, challenging the world to impugn their patriotism or their loyalty.

"In accordance with the New Law for Religious Bodies, which is concerned with the relations of the Japanese Government towards religious institutions, the Church is now 'legally established,' whereas heretofore she has only been 'tolerated.'



The church at Nara favors native architecture.

"This aforesaid law in no way aims to control the doctrine, constitution, or inner activity of the Church, but is concerned solely with 'the civil aspect of her exterior activities.'

"Whatever the contributory causes to this pronouncement of the Government in favor of the Catholic Church—and doubtless there are many—we feel that we have weathered a very threatening crisis and that it is not too optimistic now to anticipate calm seas and sunny skies for the future course of Saint Peter's Bark over in these parts."

In conclusion, it is interesting also to note that such recognition has not yet been granted to any of the Christian sects in Japan but only "to that Christian Church which is known as Roman Catholic."

MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

I should like to think more about the possibility of giving my life to the work of the missions. Please send me vocational literature. I understand this does not bind me in any way.

NAME

ADDRESS

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

•

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

GOOD EXAMPLE

One of the weightiest texts in Holy Scripture is that in which Christ pronounces a malediction on those who scandalize the little ones; and, if we extend the category of little ones to include those races and populations that have not yet grown to full national and international manhood, it would be easy to make out a very serious indictment for the widespread violation of this divine prohibition. In the human family the Christian nations are cast in the role of natural mentor to the younger and weaker members, and yet the family history is a long record of negative indifference, often of positive disedification, on the part of the elder towards the younger brother.

Meanwhile each one of the less-developed nations has its ideals, and is engaged in a vital struggle to establish those ideals. This can be done only in the face of perpetual opposition from within, but why add scandal from without? In these circumstances it ought to be our part, not to discourage and retard, but to approve, to encourage, to stimulate, and to help. Saint Francis Xavier complained bitterly of the terrible handicap involved in the chicanery and injustice of the Christian nations and their representatives vis-a-vis the native people he sought to evangelize. He found the latter ready to believe in God but deterred by the action of those who claimed to be the friends of God.

Thus disappointed millions are balked in their approach to a God under whose protection they would like to enlist. "I am afraid He knows not that here we are dwelling," they echo in the bewildered accents of Butterfly, confused by the natural mistake of identifying Him with His unworthy followers. Good example and reasonable sympathy on our own part would be a more logical recommendation of the loving God whose claims we seek to assert among His strayed and hesitant children.

CHRISTIAN CULTURE

Nothing is more characteristic of certain modern governments than the combination of a nominal toleration, partial or complete, with a suppression of all the cultural activities of the Church, especially among the young. Church buildings there may be, but art, education, athletics, all must be divorced from religion. Thus is forced

upon the Church a condition that will later be charged against her as an indictment—the indictment that she stands aloof from all the helpful human activities that constitute the everyday life of the many.

Will the Church be satisfied merely to linger on as an inner light in the souls of a diminishing group of followers, where her social mission is denied? Will she leave to her enemies the science and culture which she created? Or will she not rather, as in ages past, bear them with her to more hospitable shores? She never loses one battle without winning a dozen more.

There is a Catholic culture, the glorious offspring of divine faith. It is of the Church, but held in trust for men. It would but sicken and die in the hands of aliens to the Faith that gave it birth. The Church will not let it die. Her divine strategy, confirmed by experience, is to keep the Christian culture alive by keeping it on the move. The foreign missions are the outposts of this heavenly and benign imperialism of Christ the King. North, west, east, and south, the course of divine empire takes its way.

A PRIME REQUISITE

People tire of abstractions about peace that merely afford intellectual comfort without leading to any practical plan of establishing peace. However, there is still a word to be said for understanding as one practical basis for the approach to peace. We know that all men are equal and that they all have the same basic needs; and we also know that they approach their objectives in different ways, according to their different mentalities. Here is unity in diversity; and to understand the one and the other, if not an actual recipe for peace, is at least one prime requisite to clear the ground for peace. The creation of an atmosphere of understanding would of itself solve nothing, and yet it might be a long step towards the solution of everything. Suspicion and dislike do not provide the proper soil in which peace can grow, and we shall find ourselves much closer to the goal when they are replaced by mutual regard and reasonable trust. The way to simplify the problem of making peace among the families of the earth is to make allowance for our accidental differences and to concentrate on our substantial

identities. After all, we are united by a million important ties, and we are divided only in a few minor details. We have the same ideals in our minds and the same sentiments in our hearts, even though we may not have the same speech on our tongues or the same clothes on our backs. In essentials we are brothers.

Would it not be helpful to rid ourselves of the assumptions and preconceptions we unconsciously entertain towards each other? Most of them are founded on superficialities. The stranger should be regarded as a potential friend rather than a certain enemy, and it is not necessary to treat him like the scum of earth until he makes it clear that he considers us the dregs of the republic. Let us at least take the chip off the world's shoulders. Understanding alone will not bring peace. But neither will peace come without it, for it establishes the only sure basis on which any durable peace can be worked out.

THE REASON WHY

America is always going some place in a hurry, but few of its kindly people seem to know where or why, although all of them know how. Surely there is no other country in the world where so much vigorous energy is brought to the performance of the day's work as in this bustling land that pulsates with life from Maine to Texas. We do well what we do at all, and we do almost everything, and we do it all day long. There has grown up here a nation of workers, technicians, organizers, executives, and, even in a mild and restricted sense, artists—an army of bright young things and capable old codgers who are seemingly prepared to acquit themselves at a moment's notice of any and every task. They will conduct an opera with gusto or split an atom with aplomb. And with all the energy and dispatch, the keenness and precision, the superlative efficiency they bring to the tasks of life, these same driving people are yet able to reserve a little corner of their hearts and some scintilla of their time for a contribution to the general background against which their labors are performed. They may drill a well or finance a gold mine, but they will also manage to plant a garden and visit a friend in the hospital, and they are never too busy to pat small boys on the head. In short, they will go

anywhere and do anything, and all in a twinkling of an eye, and they will still find time to admire the scenery and to help the scene shifters as they go. This busy whirl makes a hymn of praise to the Creator that is widespread and endless. Measure any cross section you like, and you find this national tempo, these common traits. Study life in the miniature universe that has been poured into the can-

yons of New York, or survey it in the sparse reaches of the sprawling Rockies, and the same spirit is there. Do it, do it well, do plenty of it, do it in a hurry, do it with a smile. It is the active bustle, the dynamic energy, of a full and free life, accompanied by the natural kindliness that radiates from national well-being. As a purely human performance, it is simply grand. It is America.

The blessings of America, material and spiritual, have been great, but do we know why? Perhaps not, for if these blessings have not made us conceited, neither have they made us thoughtful. We are a nation of engineers, not of philosophers; we have much of the native hue of resolution

and little of the pale cast of thought. Yet a moment's reflection convinces that our good fortune is not of our own making so much as it is the work of Divine Providence. The successful development of the most progressive nation in the world is due only in part to our own rugged pioneering, and behind that is the Creator who provided all these opportunities in the natural order, and who developed our own powers to utilize them by His gifts in the supernatural order.

When the God of all charity gives special gifts to some of His children, it can only be because He designs them to act as beneficiaries towards the rest of the family. No blessing is imparted for ourselves alone; no gift is given except to share. No country can selfishly regard its lavish birthright as solely and simply its own. It came from God, and He wants it communicated to God's children everywhere. This is the reason America was given its unique endowment of material and spiritual advantages never equaled elsewhere in the world: that by spreading its gifts around it might spread over itself that mantle of charity which is the greatest of all gifts; that by saving other souls it might save its own soul.



THE FIGHT AGAINST

Typhus

WITH wars and rumors of wars—in the East and in the West—the question is often asked: Is it not too dangerous to send missionaries to the Orient? For two thousand years the Church of Christ has proclaimed that it is never too dangerous for the apostolic shepherd to seek the sheep that strays and is lost.

An example of the dauntless courage that pulsates the hearts of Catholic missionaries under all conceivable conditions, dangerous though they may be, is found in the little-heralded, but none-the-less-heroic, campaign of the missionaries from Scheut in Belgium to eradicate the typhus plague from their missions. In this case the danger was not war, or revolution, or international politics, but one of the most fatal and dreaded diseases known to medical science—typhus.

Despite the prevalence of this scourge in their missions, year by year new groups of young priests were sent from Belgium to Inner Mongolia (a part of China) with full knowledge that within five years perhaps fifty per cent of each year's band would succumb to typhus. Few modern wars can claim such a casualty record! The work of spreading the kingdom of God in the souls of men must go on no matter what the cost, the pain, the sacrifice. What battlefield can match such selfless courage?

Had these brave missionaries flinched, lost heart, or sought less dangerous missions, the world might well have

had to wait another generation or more for the practical demonstration of the efficacy of the prophylactic and remedial method developed by an obscure Polish scientist to combat the typhus plague. The scientific world today sings the praises of this accomplishment of medical science; it names treatments and bacilli after the men who have studied this phase of medicine; but to few besides God is known the heroic story that made this triumph possible, that story recorded by the simple, wind-swept, and lonely tombstones of unsung martyrs of the mission vocation who dauntlessly—yes, eagerly—sought the most dangerous posts within the territory of their mission society.

The missionaries from Scheut in Belgium have had remarkable success in mission lands, especially in colonization work in Inner Mongolia. Such was to be expected of a mission society which had obtained outstanding achievements. To their mission vocation they had added exceptional energy, amazing courage, effective thinking and planning—fitting adornments to the faith and zeal of their apostolic calling. Their laboring for more than a generation in typhus-infected Inner Mongolia and North China in the very teeth of typhus-borne disaster exemplifies that divine lust for souls which beckons priests, Sisters, and Brothers into the most dangerous sectors of God's footstool.

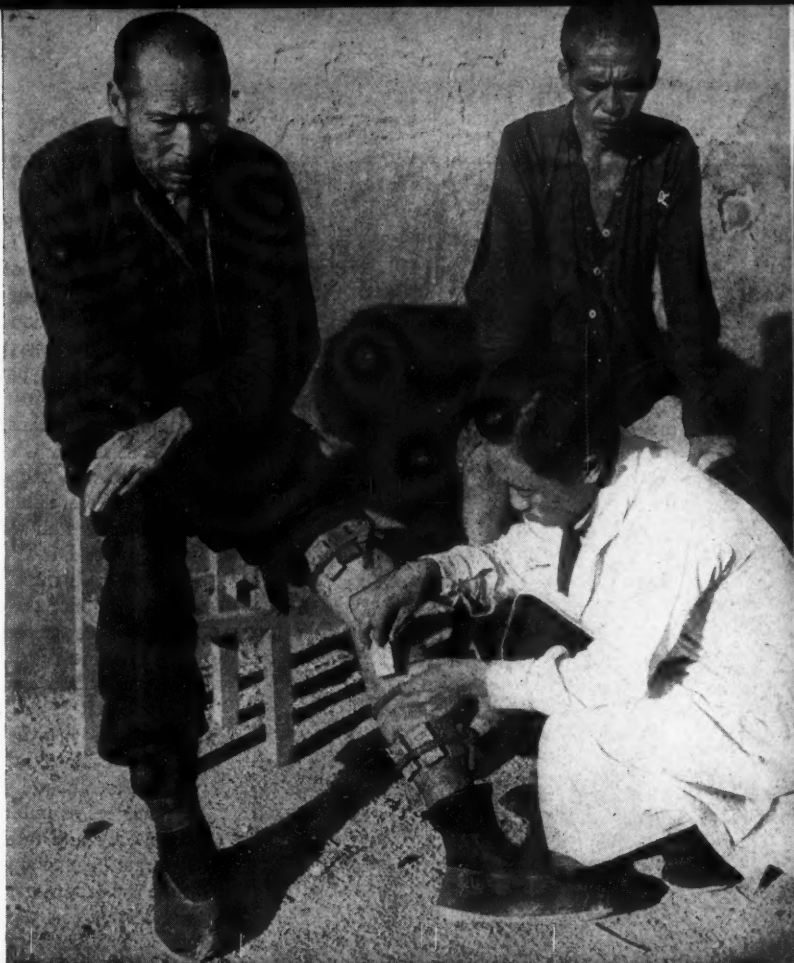
Typhus is common in China, especially in the north,



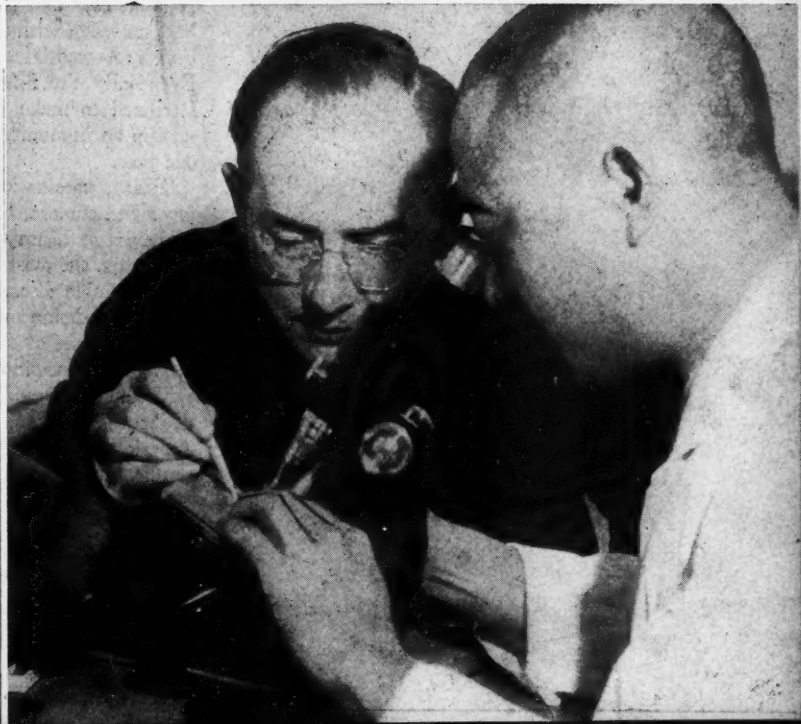
By VERY REV. THOMAS V. KIERNAN

and particularly in the region evangelized by the Scheut missionaries. The zest of missionaries for martyrdom has been well demonstrated within the memory of living men. The French Fathers in Indo-China and Korea, the Germans and Italians in Africa and Asia and the sea-born islands, all have had their heroism chronicled. Little indeed—too little—is known of the humble and hidden devotion unto death of the Scheut Fathers in typhus-ridden Mongolia.

This disease struck many only a few months after their arrival in the mission territory. The natives had developed, for the most part, a general immunity, undoubtedly from ages of adaption. Life there, however, was almost certain death to the white missionary. Some priests were cut down within five years of their arrival. Many died of this infection within a few months. Deprived of martyrdom by persecution, these valiant sons of the Church nevertheless faced martyrdom for their vocation every minute of the day. No age or condition was immune. One was as cer-



Indigent natives are engaged to act as incubators for the disease-bearing germ. The carriers, center, are not exponents of the swastika: the sign is symbolic of hospital workers in the Orient.



THE FIGHT AGAINST TYPHUS (Continued)

tain of dying of typhus in that far-off land, sooner or later, as the average individual is of breathing his last in his bed at home.

Father Rutten of their Society viewed the casualties, not with impotent alarm, but with intelligent determination to seek a remedy. Under his direction one method after another was tried and proved useless. In twenty years nearly ninety of his priests had died in Inner Mongolia from typhus, out of a total of 130 deaths among all his missionaries there. In 1930 he consulted Dr. Weigl of Poland, an authority on typhus. Immediately favorable results were obtained. Not a missionary who had been inoculated with the new vaccine died, and those who had contracted the disease passed through only a mild attack and were able to continue their work with immunity thereafter.

Father Rutten sent a Chinese physician, Dr. Chang, to Europe to study under Dr. Weigl. On his return to China, Dr. Chang in conjunction with the Catholic University of Peiping developed a laboratory to produce the necessary vaccine. This microbiological institute is now under the direction of Father Matthews, a priest of the Society of the Divine Word, who is a member of the University faculty. The Rockefeller Medical Center in Peiping is also cooperating in this work.

Typhus is spread by lice. When one of these vermin has bitten a person sick with the disease, the microbe develops in the louse's body and is transmitted to others when they are later bitten by the same insect. Lice abound where one finds poverty, lack of personal hygiene, and neglect of public sanitation. These are most often the offspring of poverty and ignorance. North China is no exception. Vermin and rats help to spread the disease.

In the laboratory guinea pigs are infected with the typhus germ, and after a few days are living reservoirs of the virus. To produce the serum, lice are infected with the disease-bearing germ. They are then put into little boxes with soft, porous, gauze covers. Since lice flourish best on human blood, indigent natives who have become immune, or who have been immunized, are engaged to act as incubators. The boxes containing the infected lice are strapped to their legs for a short period each day, during which the lice feed on their blood. It is an easy and perfectly safe means of livelihood for numberless beggars, who, with scant appreciation of the dignity of their cooperation, are essential components in the scientific plan of saving life. Eventually the infected entrails of the lice are compounded and sterilized to make the serum. Injected into a human, this serum sets up an immunity which is effective against the typhus disease for one year.

Today, vaccination against smallpox, inoculation against typhoid fever and cholera, have become common practices. The devastating epidemics of history have thus been ended. Thanks to the Belgian missionaries, the most deadly of them all—typhus—has been reduced to a controllable disease. It has been advertised as another victory of modern medicine over death-laden pestilence. But behind it all is an epic drama of faith, courage, and perseverance which had been rendered invincible in the crucible of the missionary vocation.

With such a modern example as this inspiring him, who then will doubt the wisdom, divinely generated, of continuing to send our American missionaries into the dangers of the present international conflict in the Orient?



Top: The entrance to Fu Jen University, where typhus studies are being made. Bottom: Guinea pigs contribute generously to typhus experiment.

Letter from Heaven

Translation of a letter written by a Manchu novice to her mother, far away in a little village of the hills

*To My Esteemed and Honored Mother:
Dearest Mamma,*

During these days I have wondered about your health, but I believe down deep, and indeed have no doubt, that it is as good as always. So in my heart I just feel happy and content. I have many good bits of news for you.

First of all, we have a little chapel here all for ourselves! Every day Father Pai (Uncle Martin) comes and says Mass for us. The chapel is in the building where we live. All together, we have six rooms: two of the rooms are dormitories, one is a kitchen, and one is a dining room.

Till a few months ago, there were six of us. Now we are twelve, because six postulants have come to us.

Every day, in the morning, we have class. We study about the three vows, we study our Rule and Constitution, and we also learn about the Mass and take lessons in Christian Doctrine. In the afternoon we have Sacred Music.

We are also learning to cook. We take turns. Three of us prepare all the meals for a week. Mamma dear—this will make you smile—this week is my turn in the



A native Manchu novice

kitchen! I'm preparing the meals for the community! This Sunday we had dumplings.

My dearest, loving Mamma! Every day your little girl feels that she is living in heaven on earth. Do you wonder what else I do? You must not worry about me. My health is every bit as good as it used to be.

Dearest Mamma, please do not worry about anything. I hope your honorable health continues good and strong so that you may come and see me. And my dear elder sister and little brother and little sister—are they all well? Please greet them for me. Dearest Mamma, I beg you not to miss me.

God be with you and your little

Sister Mary Joseph

You have been waiting for this!



A BIOGRAPHY OF MARYKNOLL'S COFOUNDER

BISHOP JAMES ANTHONY WALSH

All The Day Long

Every one loved Bishop Walsh; every one should like this excellent, very readable story of his life and work, by Daniel Sargent. Longmans, \$2.50



GO FORTH AND TEACH

MARCHING orders deferred!" The unwelcome news came to Maryknoll early in July just before our band of twenty missionaries were to have their departure ceremony.

"How long shall we be deferred?" "When do you think we may sail?" were questions that came from anxious apostles. But the State Department in Washington was averse to taking the responsibility of providing passports to new missionaries. So we announced the fact to our friends and asked their prayers for a speedy favorable reply.

Later in August word flashed over the wires: "Arrange departure for September 14." It was a day of great rejoicing. The Sisters had already had their departure ceremony on August 3, and we were developing a holy envy when our own good news arrived. Immediately, plans were made, train schedules arranged, and boat accommodations sought.

This issue of *THE FIELD AFAR* will be in the hands of the printer on September 14, but already we can visualize the scene. The departure bell will sound its call, the long procession will wind out from the chapel to the improvised altar in the Seminary quadrangle before the statue of Our Lady of Maryknoll. Most Reverend Henry J. O'Brien, Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut, will preach the sermon, bidding Godspeed to the departants; and, after the Eucharistic blessing of Our Lord, the newest group of missionaries will be on their way.

The greatest thrill of departure day is the departure itself—the final moment when, last embraces over, the missionaries get into waiting cars and ride off in the early evening sunset toward the transcontinental train.

There is a cheer and a hush. They are gone! The brave mothers and fathers feel for a few brief seconds an emptiness which nothing promises to fill. The seminarians—missioners-in-the-making—stand transfixed like men who have seen a vision of something they have long dreamed of.

With the departure of this year's mission band, some 290 Maryknoll priests and Brothers will have left the Mother Knoll for the Far East. We are grateful to all our good friends who, by contributing toward the missionaries' fares to Asia and by their prayers, have made possible this twenty-fourth annual departure ceremony.

"Go forth and teach" is the message which still rings in the ears of the young apostle as he starts for that land where souls, like children, are awaiting the teaching of God's Word. "The final command of Christ to His apostles," said Archbishop Spellman, "is the character of His Spouse, the Catholic Church. That command was not exclusive for the apostles and their successors; it was a message to all who live in the true Faith. To all of us Christ entrusted the mission of extending His Kingdom. Some of us Christ calls to the active life. They are the heroes on the frontiers, and they are comparatively few. To all others of us, the call



The story of the old bell is told to a newcomer. A student searches the map for the new missionaries' posts.

is sounded to lend a helping hand. It is not an invitation which each of us may accept or reject as one chooses. *It is a duty.*"

Assignments for the ordination group of 1941:

To Kongmoon:

Rev. Edward L. Krumpelmann, St. Paul, Minn.
Rev. Warren D. Brennan, Cincinnati, Ohio
Rev. Robert H. Winkels, St. Paul, Minn.
Rev. James A. Sheridan, Washington, D. C.

To Kaying:

Rev. Ralph H. Siebert, Akron, Ohio
Rev. Michael R. Gaiero, Haverhill, Mass.
Rev. A. Leonard Madison, Syracuse, N. Y.

To Wuchow:

Rev. Michael J. McKeirnan, Pomeroy, Wash.
Rev. John D. Moore, Cumberland, Md.
Rev. August R. Kircher, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. Thomas P. O'Rourke, New York City

To Kweilin:

Rev. John P. Tackney, Somerville, Mass.
Rev. Michael H. O'Connell, San Francisco, Calif.
Rev. Wenceslaus F. Knotek, Racine, Wis.
Rev. Leo J. Walter, Cincinnati, Ohio

Assigned temporarily to work in the homeland:

Rev. James A. Flaherty, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. James J. Logue, Bronx, N. Y. C.
Rev. William S. McDonald, Ridgewood, L. I., N. Y.

The names of others who will sail with this year's group have not yet been announced as we go to press.

THE GREAT CHICKEN THEFT

(Continued from page 8) juncture Lao Chen slipped out of the crowd. He returned again in a few moments with a large, homemade bird cage, in which his chicks strutted around happily.

"I will now let out my chicks," said Lao Chen with majestic calmness. "I will also feed them. Let Ah Hsi also bring out his chicks, including the two that he says are his!"

A hush fell upon the gathering of villagers. Lao Chen began to feed his chicks while he chirped the Chinese equivalent of "Chick-chick!" The two alien chicks broke away from the opposite corner, scampered across the ring, and joined the home forces.

A cry of victory went up. Lao Chen turned and modestly acknowledged the visible approval. "Now I ask you," said Lao Chen, "whose chicks are they?"

We could not help reflecting that we had then and there seen a piece of skulduggery worthy of Solomon in all his glory.

"Lao Chen must eat much fish," said our companion. "Did you ever notice the man's forehead? Like Jeeves's, it is shot through with sheer intellect!"

EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 472.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 189,300 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of New England.
7. They count 76,240 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.



He was a sturdy fisherman, an exceptional character, a fine Catholic, a credit to his patron, Saint Peter.

Peter Fishes Again

By REV. LOUIS H. HATER

IN the waters of the bay below our Maryknoll House at Stanley are a large number of fishermen's boats that come and go all through the day and night.

We went boating with one of these fishermen the other day. His name, too, was Peter—Peter Cheng. Peter is a fervent Catholic, a convert, an exceptional character and fisherman. His boat is very small, but he is a happy man.

Peter made quite an impression on us. We liked the way he handled the boat and sized up the situation of the waters. He knew when the wind was right for sailing and when for anchorage; he knew the clouds and when they gave reason for alarm or encouragement. Fishing and boat sailing were second nature to him, and he knew the answers to all the questions which we proposed. Eventually we got to the question of his conversion.

"Why," we asked him, "did you become a Catholic?"

"I've always believed in a Heaven's Lord," said Peter. "Whenever I used to look into the heavens and see the beauty of the stars and the clouds, when I used to hear the wind and see how strong and powerful it could become, I said

that there was a Heaven's Lord whose hand it was that directed all of this. I believed in One who made the heavens for me, One who put the fish into the deep for Peter to catch, and One who at times made Peter's fishing efforts vain to test Peter's virtue."

One day the Heaven's Lord sent the wind too quickly, and Peter was unable to arrive with his boat in safety but was cast upon the rocks and barely escaped with his life. It was on account of this wreck that he met a priest and started to take instructions. For, after being cast ashore, he went to the "holy building" to ask for food and shelter, and the priest provided him with something far better.

"He told me the Gospel story," said Peter, "and I believed all that he told me. I loved to hear the holy words; I loved to hear him (*Continued on page 27*)

Enough to Do at Home

By REV. PIERRE CHARLES, S.J.

OBJECTION is frequently made to every missionary undertaking on the ground that the time is not ripe, or the plan is not practical, or it is inopportune.

"You wish to save souls and convert your neighbor," missionaries are often told. "That's fine, excellent! Congratulations! But have you considered that it is not at all necessary to travel to the ends of the earth to find souls to save? Have you stopped to reflect that in the city where you live, and in the country of your birth, there are thousands of real pagans? Well-ordered charity begins at home. Do you not, first of all, owe your service to your fellow citizens and kinsmen? There is no necessity for rushing off to China to baptize adults. The underworld districts, the industrial quarters are replete with persons to be saved. For this reason, it is folly to trek sixteen thousand miles from home to seek a spiritual harvest which Divine Providence has placed at your doors."

We have all heard that objection in one form or another. It tends to set in opposition the Church already established with the Church yet to be established. It would create antagonism between the missions and the base. One would be quite naive to believe that this objection is not dangerous and paralyzing in its effect on the missions. As a matter of fact, the objection is entirely false. The purpose of the missions is not primarily to save souls. That is the work of the Church to the end of time. The purpose of the missions is to establish the visible Church there where she does not exist. Each one, according to his character, talents, influence, and the place he occupies in the Church, is bound to work for her extension. Each one must hasten the hour when the Church on earth will have become fully grown. Here again the insistent commands of Benedict XV and Pius XI, re-echoing all the most authentic tradition, have focused attention on this fundamental point of missiology. Now, if it is very true that in our old Christian countries there are still many souls to save, it is wrong, however, to assert that the normal means of salvation, the Faith and the sacraments, are not within their reach. The Church in those countries is visible, stable, permanent, operating.

In vast regions of the earth, however, no such happy



Father Charles, formerly professor of Missiology at Louvain, now at Fordham

condition exists. Spain had 44,000 priests for a population of 21,000,000. For her 430,000,000, China has some 5,000 priests, of whom more than half are foreigners. Without the slightest doubt, there are in Spain many souls yet to be saved, just as there are many sick to be healed in a country well provided with hospitals; but the means of health are there; the means of salvation are there. In the pagan world, Mother Church with her redeeming graces is not yet planted, and this task is in no way analogous to the one incumbent on everyone to save his own soul and, if possible, his brother's.

As for the well-known maxim that "well-ordered charity begins at home," I fear it is a great error, and a pagan one that has surreptitiously crept into our Christian language. Real charity does not say: "Me first, you afterwards." That is the language of egoism. Real charity does not even say: "You first, me afterwards." But, in suppressing differences and fusing all in a perfect union, it says: "Between you and me, and between me and you. I want things to be in common, with no distinction made between Jews and Greeks, slaves and free men, black and white; because we love our neighbor as ourselves in that perfect unity which is Christ, who makes both one."



The Sisters who did not receive an appointment wait patiently for another departure day.

No Better Time

A DEPARTURE in times like these! Sisters leaving for distant lands when no one knows what the morrow will bring!"

"Absurd!" thought I, as I scanned an invitation to the Maryknoll Sisters thirty-third departure on the third of August. Then I went doggedly through my morning's mail. As usual, I faced a barrage of pessimism—wars and rumors of wars, hate, fear, suspense, anxiety, despair—all played up to create a tantalizing uncertainty about even the immediate future. One could almost envision bombs falling on the Empire State Building before nightfall!

"Why all this alarm? Why can't people be calm?" I asked myself.

Rereading the Maryknoll invitation gave me heart to go on with the day's work, but first I stopped to enter the date on my calendar.

Every now and then, in the intervening days, I found myself asking, "But why go now?"

"I must have an answer," I said to myself, "even if I have to buttonhole the Bishop or the Mother General!"

It was three years since I had attended a Maryknoll Sisters' departure. Somehow I expected it to be different this year. Arriving at the Motherhouse a few minutes early, I noticed the same spirit of joyousness, the same smiles everywhere, the floors polished, as usual, to the peril of French-heeled visitors!

"No one around here seems to know there's a war going on," I said to myself.

After the departants had renewed their vows and received the missionary's crucifix came the sermon by Monsignor William E. Cashin, of New York City. "He, at least, knows the state of the world," I chuckled.

Not a word did he say about war! This is how he began: "This simple ceremony of departure links this twentieth century to the first. It brings to us again, down through the centuries and across oceans and continents, the voice of Our Lord Jesus, speaking from the Mount of the Ascension, commanding His Apostles to 'go teach all nations.'"

Somehow the Monsignor's words made Galilee seem near. During Benediction, my mind went back to the Upper Room. In the Host I caught a glimpse of the Everlasting in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday."

The ceremony over, I joined the other guests in the museum, where tea and cookies were served.

"Are you going away?" I asked the Sister who offered me a chair.

"Oh, no! I'm not one of the lucky ones," she answered.

"Should you really like to go?" I asked.

"Well, of course, we shouldn't be Maryknoll Sisters, if we didn't want to go on the missions, especially now!"

"Why now more than any other time? Isn't this war crippling your work over there?"

"In some ways, yes. But, on the whole, there never was a better time to spread the Faith in the Orient. Through their work for refugees, Catholic missionaries have come to be known by thousands who might otherwise never have come in contact with the Catholic Church. It isn't the war that is hindering. It is American apprehension about the future that is more likely to cripple our work. This year, for example, Sisters are being sent only to the Philippines and Hawaiian Islands. The Government is refusing to issue passports for the Orient to women, even though they be missionaries."

"You mean that Sisters would be sent to the warring countries in the Far East, if passports were available?"

"Most assuredly! Today's wars all come to an end sooner or later. Tomorrow new doors will be opened to missionaries."

"If I were younger," said I, "you'd have me enlisting, or enrolling, or whatever you call it in a convent! But there's no better time, I agree, to sponsor a Sister. That makes me a missionary by proxy. And I'll be one in spirit, as well as deed—no more worrying about wars or taxes or inflation!—no matter what the morning's mail may bring!"

—Regina Bretton

APOSTOLATE OF SUFFERING

God calls certain chosen souls to the apostolate of suffering. One of these was Sister Elizabeth Marie of Maryknoll, who died on August 11 in Monrovia, California.

Elizabeth Bumbak, born in Fairport Harbor, Ohio, entered the postulate in December, 1931, when only sixteen. Four years later, while a student at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, she became ill and was later transferred to Monrovia. There during the past four years her cheerful and courageous patience in suffering has been a daily inspiration to patients and visitors, Christian and non-Christian.

From her bed of pain, who knows but that Sister Elizabeth Marie garnered as many souls as did the most zealous missionary in the field. God rest her soul!



FOR PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Sister Mary Aquinata Brennan,
Brooklyn, New York

Sister Eugenia Marie Jantz,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Sister Maria Jose Cannon,
St. Paul, Minnesota

FOR HAWAII

Sister Mary Alma Erhard,
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Sister Mary Roberta King,
Lynn, Massachusetts

Sister Mary Teresita Driscoll,
Lawrence, Massachusetts

Sister Anne Marie Shannon,
Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Sister Mary Gerald Britz,
Marine City, Michigan

Sister Mercedes Maria Martin,
Long Beach, California

Sister M. Elizabeth Ann Altman,
Baltimore, Maryland

A Profitable Diet

THE noon whistle blew, and all the men in Jenner Mill reached for their lunch boxes. Some men had just a few sandwiches wrapped in paper. And then the tempting part of the lunch hour rolled along—the Sweet Cart. Fruit, piled high, was temptingly displayed, together with cuts of creamy-looking pies and cakes, eclairs, sherbets, and molds of ice cream. Most of the men supplemented their meager lunch with something from the cart, but young Fred Shea noticed that old Pop McCabe held back.

"Why don't you get a dish of ice cream, Pop?" he asked one day. Then, thinking the old man could not afford it, Fred added, "I'll treat you to it."

"No, thanks! I could buy myself one if I wanted it, but I'm using the money for something else."

Fred looked quizzically at the old fellow. "You mean you're dieting for a purpose?"

"Yes, I suppose you could call it that. I'll tell you what I'm doing. I read in *THE FIELD AFAR* that a missionary needs only \$1 a day for his support, and I felt that I'd like to support one of those lads for at least one day a month. Well, with prices going higher, I couldn't afford to do it. Then I figured out that I spent more than a dollar a month at the Sweet Cart, so I decided to pass up the cart twenty times a month and send those twenty nickels for my missionary. You know, Fred, it was pretty tough at first. I like ice cream better than anything else. I could eat a dish of it every hour. But then, what good would there be to it, if I didn't find it a sacrifice?"

"That's a wonderful idea, Pop. I'd like to get in on it, too. I'll tell you what. I'll omit pie hereafter, and I'll give the nickel to you. You send it for me. Our sweet tooth can suffer a bit to give the missionary a day or two's support."

The story came from a mill town in Massachusetts, and anonymously. But a note was added: "Now eight of us give our nickels to Pop. We have already been more than well repaid for what little sacrifice we thought we were making."

Priceless! Those sacrifices of the mill workers are but a few of the many that are being made to help our work for souls. Most of our contributors do not think of it as sacrifice, but rather a privilege, to have a share in the missionary's day. We are quite sure, though, that almost every offering is made at the cost of some self-denial, little or great.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT Thanks to "A friend of the missions," Cleveland, Ohio, for a generous gift for the missions.

Thanks, too, to the Trinity College student who wrote:

"Two years ago someone subscribed to *THE FIELD AFAR* for me. Ever since I've been intending to write and tell you that the stories, pictures, and general spirit of the magazine have been very inspiring to an originally not-too-mission-minded young lady."

OUR SPONSORS We can not help but note the great number of new leagues and movements daily advertising in the secular press. Most of them have one plea: Join *THIS* League and "stop the war," "prevent war," "stem the rising tide of war." We are still looking for one such league to advance the cause of spreading the love of God in the world. Evidently that task is being left to the missionaries who go forth armed only with the symbol of Eternal Love—the crucifix. We have not advertised anywhere for people to sign up in such a league, but our readers and friends have caught this implication, and they are trying to sponsor our apostles. We wish you could see every one of their letters. Here are but a few:



"Enclosed is my check to complete the \$365 I promised for the support of a missionary for one year. No money has ever been more enjoyably spent."

—Pennsylvania

"Hereafter, please reduce the six per cent rate of interest I am receiving from you on my annuity to five per cent and use the \$50 to support a missionary for fifty days."

—Washington, D. C.

"The enclosed is a birthday gift I received from my Grandma. It will give me more happiness to use it in supporting one of your missionaries."

—Ohio

"We are overjoyed to send this \$10. How I wish it were ten hundred! Now we can support one more missionary one day a month, because our budget 'budget' \$5 a month."

—New York

"I wonder why I ever worried about being able to renew my subscription once a year. The payments on my Perpetual Membership have been painless; my worries are over. Here's the last installment. I can't tell you how relieved and happy this makes me feel to realize that, come what may, my membership for life and after life is secured. I hope to keep up the payments now as sponsor support."

—Wisconsin

"My husband and I would give anything if we were only capable of going out and preaching to others the

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

As you may recall from my previous letters, I have been in the Service for almost three years. This letter goes to you from an Army post on the other side of the world.

I have seen at close range, in many places, the awful condition this poor old world is in today—so many hungry and homeless—and I have seen the valiant work of our priests and Sisters, trying to relieve suffering. And yet when one reads *THE FIELD AFAR* one can not be depressed, but rather is cheered. I know that my faith and hope have been greatly strengthened by the stories your priests and Sisters send in. I wish I had known a few years ago just how glorious a thing is a vocation to the mission field.

Every time I get an extra dollar I will send it for a subscription for one of my relatives or friends. I want them all to know the wonderful work you are doing.

In the meantime you have my daily prayers that God may continue to bless Maryknoll and all its workers.
—Corp. F. S.

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Rev. William Murphy; Rev. Edward A. Quade; Rev. Joseph F. Felsecker; Harry MacBride; Stephen Jerney; Mrs. Thomas Regan; Miss Mary O'Brien; Ina Starke; Mr. Schineller; Mrs. J. Haynes; Miss Clare Bolster; Mr. Francis J. Gallagher; Mrs. Catherine A. Conway; Margaret Crawford; Mrs. Frank Reussner; Mr. John McMahon; Mr. Louis Magno; Margaret Garrigan; Mr. Joseph P. Clark; Mr. Ted Crawford; Mrs. G. Jaramillo; Mary J. Anderson; Mrs. Anna Mehrtens; Mrs. S. J. Wall; Miss Charlotte Busch; Mr. John C. Demek; Mrs. Catherine Lankbeet; Mr. William G. Howard; Mr. William Camack; Peter J. Blaeck; Sophie Camper; Miss Annie J. Quinn; Mrs. Mary Finneran; Mrs. F. X. Marzolf; Mrs. Elizabeth Dwyer; Mr. Samuel Jones; Mr. William Lawlor; Mr. J. B. Twigg; Miss Anna K. Leyrer; Mrs. Marion Baumeister; Mrs. Craig Hebeston; Mrs. H. Gooshaw; Mr. Peter Stockl, Sr.; Mrs. Margaret O'Brien; Miss Belle Watson; Mrs. Ursula Vannier; Mr. James Boyle; Mrs. M. J. Brophy; Miss Caroline G. Althoff; Miss Mabel Jordan; Mr. James A. Farrell; Miss Eva Uihlein; Mr. John J. Murphy; Margaret McDermott Mrs. Markey; Mr. Peter Adams; Mrs. E. Bolger; Miss Julia Hagerty; Mr. Philip M. Borja; Mrs. Anna McDermott; Mr. Michael Slattery; Miss Anna Crumley; Joseph Kretch; Mr. Rossman; Miss Dower; William Dower.

MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.



glories of our wonderful Faith. Since we can't do it ourselves, we want to sponsor one of your missionaries who can do this blessed work."
—Ohio

"We have stopped the evening paper, which cost ninety cents a month, and we are

sending you a dollar for the support of a missionary one day a month. I'm sure we will not miss the paper, but we will gain much by the exchange. Ask our missionary to pray for us, please."
—California

"I am a young girl, eighteen years old, just graduated from secretarial school. I promised the missions a dollar out of my first pay, if I could get a good position. God was good to me and heard my request. I'll try now to send a dollar a month."
—Massachusetts

PETER FISHES AGAIN

(Continued from page 22) speak of Jesus and Mary; I loved especially to hear the story of the Galilean fishermen. I loved Peter and his little band so much that when I was favored with the grace of Baptism I asked for the name of Peter."

That's how Cheng became Peter.

And Peter's belief is not a half-hearted belief, but one which is deep and abiding. Each morning, when able, he attends Mass and receives the Divine Friend of fishermen into his heart. He is an example to the Chinese fishermen along the coast and has already led many of them to the feet of Christ. A thorough fisherman, an excellent boatman, a model apostle—that's Peter Cheng.





ALONG *the* MARYKNOLL

LOS ANGELES Father Lavery, pastor of Saint Francis Xavier Japanese Mission here, was one of the outstanding spectators at Loyola University's graduation exercises. Father was beaming! The cause of it all was the fact that George Minamiki, one of Saint Francis Xavier's schoolboys, walked off with all the honors. He graduated *summa cum laude*, took a scholarship at the Law School, was awarded a gold wrist watch, and received various other honors. It was "Japan Day" at Loyola, as one of the boys said. Too bad Father Lavery could not bilocate on that day, for at the same time the Boy Scouts of his school attended the district Field Day and won all the honors for the troop. And in another field the baseball team of Maryknoll tied up the play-off for championship by winning again 17-2, to the surprise of the team itself. *Prosit, Los Angeles!*

LOTING, SOUTH CHINA Your reporter recently met Father Robert Kennelly, pastor at this port, when both of us were trying to secure passage down the river. The Taiwan boat refused to leave because there were not enough passengers to pay for a load. Father was just telling me some interesting news: they treated 21,243 people in their dispensary here last year and received more than 2,500 babies at the orphanage in the same time. He didn't have a chance to explain how they ever were able to manage such an army of infants, since the Loking boat hove into sight, and the jolly pastor got aboard by taking the captain's pulse and telling him that he was so healthy it looked as if he'd live on forever. I must remember that, the next time I need a boat.

STANLEY, HONG KONG Monsignor John Romaniello, Prefect Apostolic of Kweilin, was a recent visitor here. We were glad to hear that in spite of hard times things are looking up in his district. The Monsignor said: "Money these days seems to go faster

than water, but there is one consolation—we are getting results. Actually, there seems to be a rush to enter the Church. Father Regan has baptized more than a hundred converts in the last four months, and a few hundred more, under instruction, will soon be ready for the sacraments."

Another bit of news from Stanley was the announcement that the Hong Kong Government Board of Examiners have asked Father Thomas O'Melia to become a member of that Board. This group of officials examine and pass on the Chinese qualifications of Hong Kong Government servants, civil as well as military—doctors, nurses, and business people. We are delighted that Father and the Language School received this recognition.

YUNGHUI, SOUTH CHINA Father James Gilloegly, local pastor, is working towards expanding the Church in this district. Recently two of his best catechists went up the river to the next town, Tanguen—virgin territory. They returned and reported that they found twelve people wishing to begin the study of the doctrine. At Samkaai there is still greater promise. Many of the residents there are "abandoned Protestants." Here at Yunghui twenty-four adults were recently baptized, and some seventy are awaiting confirmation.

LUNGWOH, KWANGTUNG Disruption of communications in this district has forced Father James Fitzgerald to use what mechanical and inventive genius he has to solve problems like lights for his chapel, juice for his icebox, and arrangements for a shower bath. The last, he maintains, is no luxury. We agreed when we saw it—a five-gallon gasoline can, with holes punched in one end. The trick is to get the five-gallon can filled with water, and then get under before all the water runs out. Try it some time!

For church lighting, two headlights from a wrecked Ford were obtained. These were hooked up to batteries for

L NEWSFRONT

ting the dred more, uts." nce- Ex- me a mine Kong tors, urther

local ex- of his ang- that f the Many Here ized,

ns in ather ntive napel, bath. when nched filled runs ecked es for

which the power was provided by a wind-driven charger. The only trouble is — no wind, no light!

FUSHUN, MANCHUKUO Bishop Lane writes: "Maggie lived in a cabin, ten by ten, on South Mountain, about four miles from the mission and on the other side of the open-cut coal mine. A walk from Maggie's place to the church was some jaunt, but she stumped out of her cabin every Sunday morning on her tiny feet, slid down the deep sides of the open cut, and made her way in and out, between donkey carts and dynamite, miners and merchants, climbed up the other side, and was here in good time before Mass! When there was snow on the ground, her journey was dangerous, but she never reported any injuries.

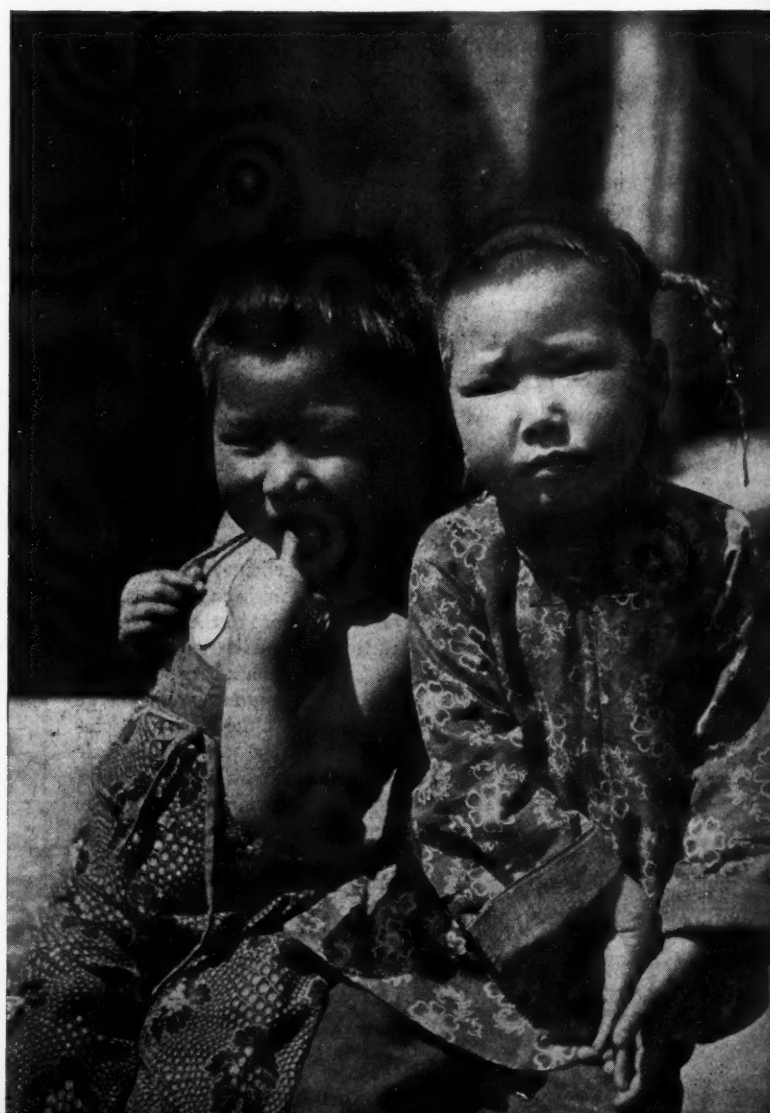
"The other day Maggie moved to Shantung. We miss her, but, knowing that wherever she goes she will carry the word of God to others, we rejoice."

LOS ANGELES A note from the diary of Father Clement Boesflug, of St. Francis Xavier Mission here:

"Visitation of the sick is not really as difficult as it sounds. I merely introduce myself, and God's grace does the rest. I presented my card to an old fellow recently and asked him if he wouldn't like to go to heaven. He listened very carefully to my few words about God's love. On the following day a call came to the mission, and Father Swift answered it. My old friend *did* want to go to heaven. He was baptized in time. I could almost picture him squeezing through the gates."



The first photograph on page 28 is that of George Minamiki, who carried off many honors. Two children of the Maryknoll kindergarten in Honolulu hope to follow in his footsteps. The girls in the next picture are representatives of Manila's Catholic Action Group, and the two boys above are outstanding fielders on Hong Kong's Wah Yan College baseball team. Below: The "smiley" sisters, refugees who have been cared for at Maryknoll mission



BOOKS *and the* MISSIONS



Mr. Higgins, Chairman of Book Week

SSPONSORED by the Catholic Library Association, National Catholic Book Week will have its second annual renewal in all parts of the country this year, November 2 to 8. This project, which had humble beginnings as a local experiment in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1937, spread rapidly, and was pushed with such enthusiasm that the first national promotion, in 1940, was an overwhelming success. It represents

an attempt on the part of the Catholic Library Association to give an answer to that ever-present question among Catholics: "What shall I read?"

For years, the need of a positive answer to this question has been evident. With the organization of National Catholic Book Week, the answer becomes apparent.

Unlike other projects of its type, Catholic Book Week recognizes a fundamental fact. It is that the great majority of Catholic Americans are not in a position to buy books. Yet these millions of Catholics do a surprising amount of reading. Of necessity, their reading is confined to the book stock of their local public or private lending library. Since there was no guide to the type of reading such people enjoy, they often read books which were worthless, if not fundamentally objectionable. It was, and is, the purpose of Catholic Book Week to point out to such people that there is sound, entertaining reading matter in their local libraries. The National Committee published an authoritative guide to this kind of reading in 1940, under the title, *Reading List for Catholics* (American Press, 1940). A *Supplement* will be issued during October of this year by the Catholic Library Association in Scranton, Pennsylvania. By using this booklet (which most libraries will gladly purchase for the use of their patrons) Catholic readers can now choose reading matter which is excellent from a literary viewpoint and sound in regard to faith and morals.

Of course, there is a great deal more to the preparation of a Catholic Book Week than the publication of a guide to reading. The National Committee has been striving to establish diocesan committees. These groups are in charge in their own areas, and cooperate with the National Committee in matters of policy and procedure. It is their responsibility to arrange for the exhibitions in schools, libraries, and clubs. They must provide for the lecture programs, debates, and plays which feature this event. They keep the diocesan and secular newspapers informed and secure the advice and cooperation of pastors, school officials, and library officials.

The question quickly arises: How can this project be of assistance to missionary work? It would seem at first

glance that there could be little, if any, connection between the purposes of Catholic Book Week and the objectives of *THE FIELD AFAR* and its friends. Yet, as noted above, there is a connection, and Catholic Book Week does present such people with a golden opportunity.

In most dioceses there are organizations whose purpose it is to publicize the work of different missionary orders. What better publicity vehicle could these clubs desire than Catholic Book Week? By means of special lectures, displays, posters, publicizing books and pamphlets on mission work, they could call this particular field of literature to the attention of their fellow Catholics. Quite obviously, the main purpose of such lectures and displays would be to induce Catholics to read about the mission field. But, in so doing, they would be performing a real service to themselves and their Faith. No one who has read an account of the lives and labors of Catholic missionaries can be anything less than an ardent champion of that work in the future.

The National Chairman hopes that readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* will avail themselves of this double opportunity: to spread the knowledge of the labors of Catholic missionaries, and to further the spread of Catholic literature.

—Charles L. Higgins

Daniel Sargent's biography of Christopher Columbus (Bruce, \$2.50) etches a fine portrait of the man, exposing all his hopes, his shifting ambitions, his failures, and his successes. Columbus was a "man of hope" who opened new lands for spiritual conquests as well as to satisfy personal ambition and obtain national expansion. Mr. Sargent considers Christopher Columbus a Christ-bearer. "He [Columbus] was carrying Christ like Saint Christopher, and was putting in Christ's infant hand the sphere of the entire world as a little toy."

When Daniel Sargent finished his biography of Christopher Columbus, he followed it with a life of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, cofounder of Maryknoll (*All the Day Long*, Longmans, \$2.50). In the latter biography he says of Bishop Walsh, "He had not merely begun to

CATHOLIC BOOK WEEK

NOVEMBER 2-8

Maryknoll will be glad to furnish display material — books, pamphlets, posters — for Catholic Book Week exhibits. Address:

The Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

launch our country on its missionary destiny, which it had derived from the very voyage of Columbus: he had launched it thoroughly, so that there was no turning back."

The missionary destiny of Columbus-land—the United States—was discovered, launched, and developed long years after Columbus had died in obscurity. Just when Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll made its "discovery," it would be difficult to tell. It may have been when he was a small boy in Boston, diligently collecting cents for the Holy Childhood, but the actual "launching" took place in 1911, when Maryknoll was cradled at Hawthorne after the hierarchy of the United States had appointed him and Father Price to the task of founding the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Daniel Sargent tells the whole story of Bishop Walsh's life and of his work—Maryknoll—in *All the Day Long*. Many quotations from the Bishop's own writings stamp this book with the attractive personality and the charming humor of the man himself—Bishop Walsh—in whom the Maryknoll spirit was born. As Daniel Sargent says, he had launched our country *thoroughly* on its missionary destiny, so that there was no turning back. Maryknoll goes on without its beloved cofounders but with their spirit, and the United States goes on fulfilling its missionary destiny.

Jesuit Adventure in China: During the Reign of K'ang Hsi, by Eloise Talbott Hibbert (Dutton, \$5), makes interesting reading. The story streamlines events somewhat and highlights the bizarre and the romantic, but the author has not departed from the reasonably certain or probably historic facts. Nor has her lack of the Catholic Faith prevented her from appreciating the high motives which actuated the Jesuits. Mrs. Hibbert shows them as talented men, devoted to learning but aiming to subordinate everything to the spread of the Faith: "The Jesuits had received their own illumination through their faith. They were Roman Catholics first and scientists afterwards. Science to them was only the means to an end."

Mrs. Hibbert's book shows us the Emperor as the principal figure and the Jesuits as a part of his Court. Thus she gives us a more comprehensive picture of the life and



character of K'ang Hsi than does C. W. Allan in his *Jesuits at the Court of Peking* (Kelly and Walsh, Hong Kong). The book also gives an interesting account of the first diplomatic relations between China and the western world and the part the Jesuits played in it.

Jesuit Adventure in China should be in all mission libraries. It will be welcomed by the general reading public.

Family albums are always fascinating, not only for the immediate family but for generations of sons of Adam. Francis J. Corley, S.J., and Robert J. Willmes, S.J., have produced what one of the authors describes as a "Jesuit family album"—*Wings of Eagles* (Bruce, \$2.50). The "album" contains biographical sketches of all the Jesuit Saints and Blessed. Saint Ignatius patterned his Society of Jesus on a missionary mold, so this collection of the recognized first-rate men of his Society must include many foreign missionaries. Together with those we know well are more obscure lives—obscure for us because they have not heretofore been written in English. But in all these Saints and Blessed we can note a "family" resemblance. "They that hope in the Lord . . . shall take wings of eagles" (*Isaias*). They have striven to bring all men to God, and they have done it with swiftness and strength—with wings of eagles.

All books mentioned on this page may be purchased through Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

ONE INCH OF SPLENDOR

The answers to all your questions about what Maryknoll Sisters do all day long in China and how and where they make converts are in this charming little book by Sister Rosalia Kettl. The book was written in China, where the author has been a missionary for eight years. Beautifully illustrated. Cloth, \$1.

THE LONG ROAD TO LO-TING

A story, by Julie Bedier, of two Catholic Chinese Children who run away from their wicked uncle and have some jolly experiences on the road to Lo-Ting. There are sixteen pages of illustrations in black and red by Louise Trevisan. Longmans. Board, \$1; pamphlet edition (through Maryknoll), 25 cents.

MARYKNOLL TEACHER AIDS

Units of Study (Grades VI-VIII)

How the Chinese People Live.....	\$1.00
How the Japanese People Live.....	\$1.00

Visual Aids for Religion Class.....each lesson .10

(Material for teacher and 25 pupils)

Program Packets (graded).....each .50

Little Flower of the Orient

By REV. EDWIN J. McCABE

At the foot of the hill, just below our Language School in Hong Kong, lie the cloister gardens of the Carmelite convent. To have Carmel for a next-door neighbor makes a deep and lasting impression, especially on a young missionary who never experienced in his home land the power of Carmel's prayers and the whole-souled example of Carmel's communities.

But any missionary will tell you that the activity of Carmel is not confined within those garden walls. I asked one of our own missionaries one day when I was new on the scene, "Which mission method do you find best?"

He answered me: "I don't know myself why we had the most baptisms last year, but after I gave that retreat to the Carmelite Sisters they promised special prayers for the work. Without those prayers our efforts would have been fruitless."

Then came my turn to go to Carmel for a week to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to give Benediction. I gained much during that week, but I was particularly impressed with that Carmelite characteristic—gratitude. The Mother Prioress came to the grill every day to thank the missionary. Though I did not see the Reverend Mother, the little meeting with the grill and curtain between was inspiring. I did not even have to ask for prayers. Mother Prioress said, "Father, Carmel is grateful for all that you are doing for her [as if it were for Our Blessed Mother], and we shall remember you in a very special way that you may continue to love Christ and Our Blessed Mother very much and win many, many souls."

Then her companion, who was, perhaps, one of the four Belgian Sisters or one of the many native Chinese Carmelites, told me how much they look up to the work of



Little Flower chapel at Hong Kong's Carmel

Maryknollers. And she added simply, "You see, we, too, are missionaries like The Little Flower."

After all, their side of the story does give a balanced view, for Christ projected not only the spirit of Carmel in His lifetime, but Maryknoll's as well. There is no denying that the spiritual life of Christ is increasing in grace before God and the men of the Orient. One can almost see Carmel's wall bulging from the way God has blessed it with so many native vocations.

The crowded condition of our neighboring Carmel may be relieved, for it is hoped that another Carmel will soon have its first Christmas in Macao.

The Church in the Orient chose not only an active and zealous Saint Francis Xavier as the patron of the missions but a spiritual missionary and divine lover as well—The Little Flower of Carmel.

ADDRESSES

The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Seminary, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.
Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:
Akron Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.
Mountain View P. O., Calif.
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.
Houses of Study:
Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83
Honolulu, T. H., 1701 Wilder Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif., 222 S. Hewitt St.
Manila, P. I., St. Rita's Hall
Cebu City, P. I.
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.

San Francisco, Calif., 1492 McAllister St.
San Juan Bautista, Calif.
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo
For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China
For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China
For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China
For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll, Kyoto, Japan
For Chosen missionaries: Catholic Mission, P. O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

The Maryknoll Sisters Central Addresses

Motherhouse and Administration: Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu
Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan
Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen
Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila
South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon-tong, Hong Kong

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

PLOTS AND PLANS

Your offering may help to complete a room for a seminarian. See page 19.

Kaying converts need books for supplementary reading. \$20 will go far.

How cheap is dirt cheap? \$300 is needed to buy land for each of three missions in Kweilin.

One dollar per convert: 2,000 Wuchow converts (Szewong) could have a church, if \$2,000 could be secured.

MORE HELP WANTED

Catechists are teachers. Kaying must pay 100 of them \$15 a month each.

Forty little orphans in Chinnampo, Korea, look for \$3 a month each for support.

Remembrance in ten thousand Masses awaits the donor of one year's supply of Mass candles for all Heijo missions—\$250.



Kyoto Koreans and Father Morris are looking for funds to open a Catholic Action Hall. \$5 from each of one hundred donors will go far. Don't you want to help keep them smiling?



Refugees to Kongmoon missions number into thousands. \$5 will guarantee one a month's supply of rice. Help the missionaries in this new task of providing more food and shelter.

Land at a premium but not in the Kyoto mission where \$2,000 is still needed to buy enough land for a church site. Pence, taels, greenbacks, or kronen acceptable in any amount.

Ques. Is it safe to send checks to Maryknoll missionaries in Japan?

Ans. It is necessary to secure a special license to send funds to missionaries in Japanese territory. Maryknoll has such a license. Donations for those missions may be sent to Maryknoll. We shall be glad to forward them.

You may name the chapel of Wuchow seminary *after* it is built. Awaiting \$2,000 donor.

HEAVENLY OPPORTUNITIES

An eternal chance to share in a student's prayers; endow a Seminary room. See page 19.

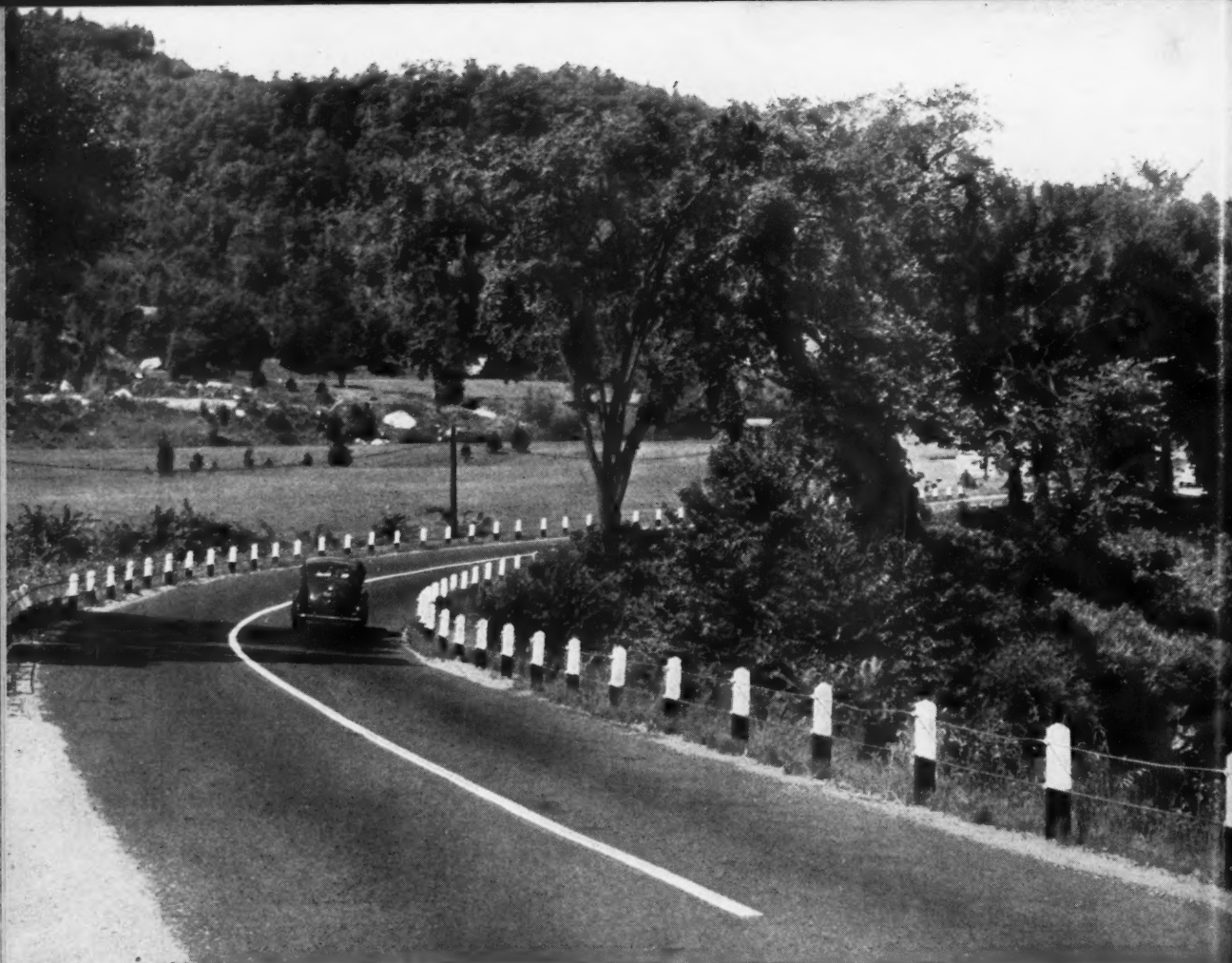
Blind girls in Kongmoon—and they number 20—require \$2 a month for their support.

Save our salve: distress signal from Kweilin where dispensary supplies run low. \$5 will stock the shelves for a month.

A priestly son awaits adoption in Fushun. \$15 a month or \$150 a year.

Altar wine for every Fushun mission needed. A year's supply—\$200—means many mementos for the donor.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



THE TURN OF THE ROAD

Down the highway of life whole nations are traveling—hundreds of millions of human beings—and the greater number of them today know not where they are going. What is to be their destination? What awaits them beyond the turn of the road?

We know—you and I—but how few of our brothers on the other side of the

world know that Redemption awaits them, too! Maryknollers in the Orient can reach only too few. Millions more are yet to be saved. Many American young men would turn on the road of life to the missionary priesthood, if they realized how great is the need for more apostles. You may learn more about the turn of the road. Read the coupon on page 13.

,
n
o
n
-
v
u
l.